

Vol. L. No. 1338
PRICE, 10 CENTS

JUNE 18, 1908

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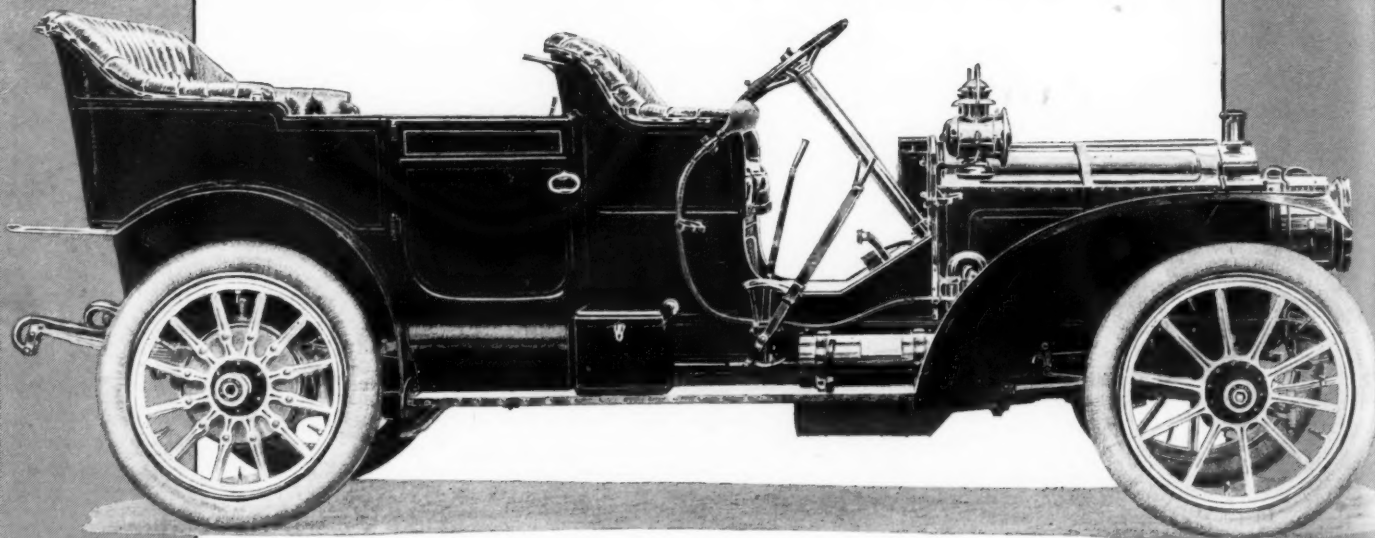
LIFE

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A Professional Opinion

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Sir: In the columns of LIFE for May 6 there appeared a communication from a physician, which, if I remember aright, affirmed with somewhat of emphasis that vaccination was a procedure entirely without injurious effects. Certain statistics of mortality contained in the last report of the Registrar-General of England and Wales would hardly seem to sustain the cheerful optimism of your correspondent, and may be worth the consideration of your readers:

1. During certain years, in England and Wales, more deaths have been due to "cow-pox and other effects of vaccination" than to smallpox—the disease it was intended to prevent. Thus

During 1889, smallpox claimed 23;	vaccination, 58
" 1890, " 16;	" 43
" 1897, " 25;	" 36
" 1906, " 21;	" 20

It is true these were exceptional years, and that the mortality from vaccination was very small in comparison with the total number vaccinated; it is also true that the mortality from the more serious disease was considerably less than from the method taken to prevent it.

2. Of the seventeen years between 1889 and 1906, there were eight years wherein the deaths of unvaccinated persons from smallpox amounted to 67. During these same years, the deaths of infants from cow-pox and other effects of vaccination numbered 204. In 1906, for instance, although 29 deaths were charged to vaccination, there was but one death from smallpox among those who were unvaccinated in England and Wales. (See 60th Report, Registrar-General, pp. 36 and 280.)

Cow-pox, the disease produced by vaccination, is probably smallpox modified by transmission through an animal. There is little doubt but that its occurrence tends to prevent the more serious ailment; but is not without serious consequences in occasional instances. Among dwellers in the slums of great cities vaccination undoubtedly tends to prevent the spread of smallpox; among dwellers in the country where a case of smallpox is not heard of once in a dozen years, the wise man will keep the blood of his children as pure as possible. Any one interested in the subject should read the article on "Vaccination" in the Encyclopedia Britannica, ninth edition. PHYSICIAN.

May 20, 1908.

What Vaccination Does

JUST to keep the ball moving we give the following from a pamphlet just received:

Vaccination, among other evil results, directly causes a great number of diseases. It also increases the malignity of diseases, develops latent diseases and produces conditions which indirectly lead to disease. The diseases caused by vaccination include:

Leprosy, cancer, consumption, smallpox, diphtheria, lock-jaw, blood poisoning.

One witness, Mr. William Tebb, has given evidence before the British Royal Commission on Vaccination of 6,233 cases of serious injury and 842 deaths due to vaccination, with chapter and verse. (See Third Report, Minutes of Evidence.)

Vivisection and the Experimenter

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

One has but to look over the files of the *Journal of Experimental Zoology* to perceive the possibilities of torturing animals to no sensible purpose.

Here the eye of the insipid duodecipedos has been separated from it to see whether the eye would regenerate itself! There the body of the unprotected shipodoriis has been covered with different colored paints in order to test its color perception; otherwise the limbs of the rapiditus are amputated to find out whether it will discover for itself some other method of locomotion; and altogether such silly and painful and purposeless experiments are made as would shame the humanity of a thoughtless schoolboy.

Such research work—if it can be so dignified—brings the researcher no nearer the real problem of life, but rather alienates him from those spiritual influences which touch closer the heart of truth.

WALTER SONNEBERG.

East Aurora, N. Y.

"I'M AFRAID I'm catching cold," said Kloseman, trying to get some medical advice free. "Every once in awhile I feel an itching in my nose and then I sneeze. What would you do in a case like that, doctor?"

"Well," replied Dr. Sharpe, "I guess I'd sneeze, too."—*Philadelphia Press.*



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On the Witness Stand, by Hugo Muensterberg. (The McClure Company.)
Volanda of Cyprus, by Cale Young Rice. (The McClure Company. \$1.25.)
The Coast of Chance, by Esther and Lucia Chamberlain. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company.)
The Career of a Journalist, by William Salisbury. (B. W. Dodge and Company.)
The Servant in the House, by Charles Rann Kennedy. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.25.)
Bertrand in Brittany, by Warwick Deeping. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)
Purple and Homespun, by Samuel M. Gardenhire. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)
The Commonsense of the Milk Question, by John Spargo. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)
The Next Step in Evolution, by I. K. Funk. (Funk and Wagnalls Company. 50 cents.)
The Bishop's Scapegoat, by T. B. Clegg. (John Lane Company. \$1.50.)
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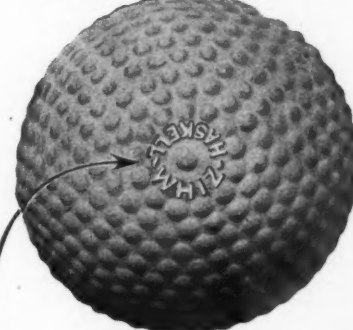
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"I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO DEPOSIT
MY EGGS IN A BANK!"

Guess Who

HE IS the press and the people, the sultan who rules the Turks; he is the bell in the steeple and he is the whole blamed works. He is the hill and valley, the dawning, the dusk, the noon; he is the large white alley, he is the man in the moon. He is the soothing slumber, he is the soul awake; he is the big cucumber that gives us the belly-ache. He is the fire that quickens, the company that insures; he is the ill that sickens, and he is the thing that cures. He is the ruling Russian and we are the groveling skates; he is the Constitution and he's the United States.—*Emporia Gazette*.



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FRIDAY, JUNE 19th
The Double Event
The Suburban
SATURDAY, JUNE 20th
The Introductory Steeplechase
The Foam
The Tidal
MONDAY, JUNE 22d
The Coney Island Handicap
TUESDAY, JUNE 23d
The Equality
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24th
The Surf
The Mermaid

THURSDAY, JUNE 25th
The Swift
FRIDAY, JUNE 26th
The Sheepshead Bay Handicap
SATURDAY, JUNE 27th
The Beacon Steeplechase
The Great Trial
The Coney Island Jockey Club Stakes
MONDAY, JUNE 29th
The Zephyr
TUESDAY, JUNE 30th
The Spindrift

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1st
The Vernal
The Advance
THURSDAY, JULY 2d
The Long Island Handicap
FRIDAY, JULY 3d
The Thistle
SATURDAY, JULY 4th
The Independence Steeplechase
The Spring
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MONDAY, JULY 6th
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The Vital Question Answered by Model G



CADILLAC

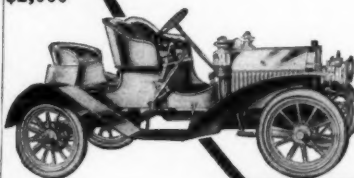
After all, the vital question in automobile buying is this: "What is the fairest price at which I can get a car possessing every essential of motor satisfaction?"—That is, a car of ample power for speed or hill, a car of comfort, luxury and beauty; one that can always be depended upon for any journey, any trial, any road, any load.

The car is **Model G Cadillac**; and the price is **\$2,000**.

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LIFE



THE WRONG TWIN

IN A MATTER OF TWINS, BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT BEFORE YOU TAKE THE PLUNGE

Hurrah for the Fourth of July!

BURN up powder! Raise a row!
Celebrate the rise
Of our Independence Day!
(Johnny's independent now
Of his eyes.)

Shoot your bombs! Our army wrung,
Deaf to war's alarms,
Freedom from the foreign king.
(Off the rule has Jimmy flung
Of his arms.)

Start the rockets! Let 'em see
Not the land that begs,
But who fights gains liberty.
(Tommy is this minute free
Of his legs.)

Let your cheers to heaven ring!
Light the skies with red!
(Plenty kids to go around)
Sound the ancient slogan, "Bring
Out your dead."

Layton Brewer.

Articulate

NEWSPAPER headlines give such curious bits of news. Here is one from the *Springfield Republican*:

Guy A. Ham to Speak

Strange, isn't it! Balaam scolded (and beat) an ass until it talked back at him, but it seems as if a ham would stand a lot of guying before it retorted. We never before heard of a ham that gave sign or promise of vocal utterance, not even after years of intimate human society on a railroad lunch counter. No, never.

Some Virtues Best Reward Themselves

THEY give a prize at Bryn Mawr College for four years of proficiency in joyousness, high courage, fortitude and faithfulness.

Girls that have these qualities already have four prizes, but, as a rule, they get them as a free gift of nature.

It is a matter of taste, but is it not more suitable to give prizes for mental or physical

achievements than for moral or spiritual ones?

A man/once established in a college a prize to be awarded to the most perfect gentleman in the graduating class. That was all he knew about the spirit of a gentleman.

"HOW'D you get here old man?"

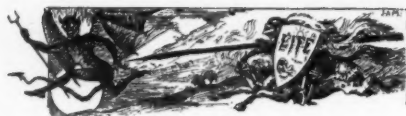
"In my airship."

"Road good?"

"Cloudy."



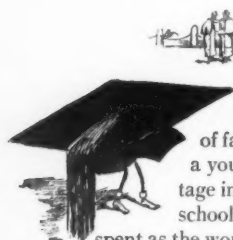
"BET YOU TEN BIRD-SEEDS THE BIG ONE GETS AROUND FIRST"



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LI JUNE 18, 1908 No. 1338

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



CHANCELLOR
MCCRACKEN
says there is too much amusement in American colleges. Four years of faithful work, he says, gives a young man a decided advantage in the work of a professional school. Four years of college spent as the worst third of the college students spend it he believes to be worse than wasted. He quotes Lord Bacon, who wanted students to allot their time a third to sleep, a third to meals and play and prayer, and the other third to work; but many of our students, the Chancellor says, give a third to sleep, a third to meals and play, but instead of work for the other third they substitute athletics, college societies and college politics, with just enough attention paid to the faculty's requirements to keep their names on the college roll. Not that the doctor admits that any great American university encourages or even tolerates idleness or frivolity, but he says that even colleges of great repute may not succeed in preparing men to study the professions. He does not approve the requirement, advocated by President Eliot and already enforced in some universities, of a college degree as a necessary qualification for admission to professional schools. Nobody would approve a universal requirement to that effect, but the high-class schools that now have it seem to like it, and we presume it is helpful to them in turning out thoroughly trained professional men.

But about the young gentlemen, the "worst third of the college students," who don't work nearly as hard as they might, and put in too large a proportion of their working time in various diversions! We all know the group; all the larger Eastern colleges have it and take thought about it and all wish it were possible to inspire its

members with a more ardent zest for learning. It is a group that includes plenty of able men, who would try harder than they do to excel in scholarship if they thought it worth while. Some of them minimize their studious labors from the deliberate opinion that in a big college there are things outside of study that are much too important to be sacrificed to intemperate or excessive study. They study just about enough to keep in comfortable standing with the authorities, and the rest of their energies they devote to these other subsidiary pursuits.



IT IS funny about the subsidiary pursuits—athletics, societies, the college papers and all the social side of the colleges. They stand for public service, whereas the pursuit of scholarship is rated in the colleges as an important but selfish interest; somewhat as money-making is rated in the outside world, except that scholarship is not as much respected in the colleges as money is outside. Consequently, all social esteem and popularity spring from the diligent cultivation of the subsidiary pursuits. It is that that advertises a youth to his advantage among the mass of his fellows, and while the authorities are always at work to increase the popularity of scholarship and raise it in undergraduate estimation, they find it an uphill job.

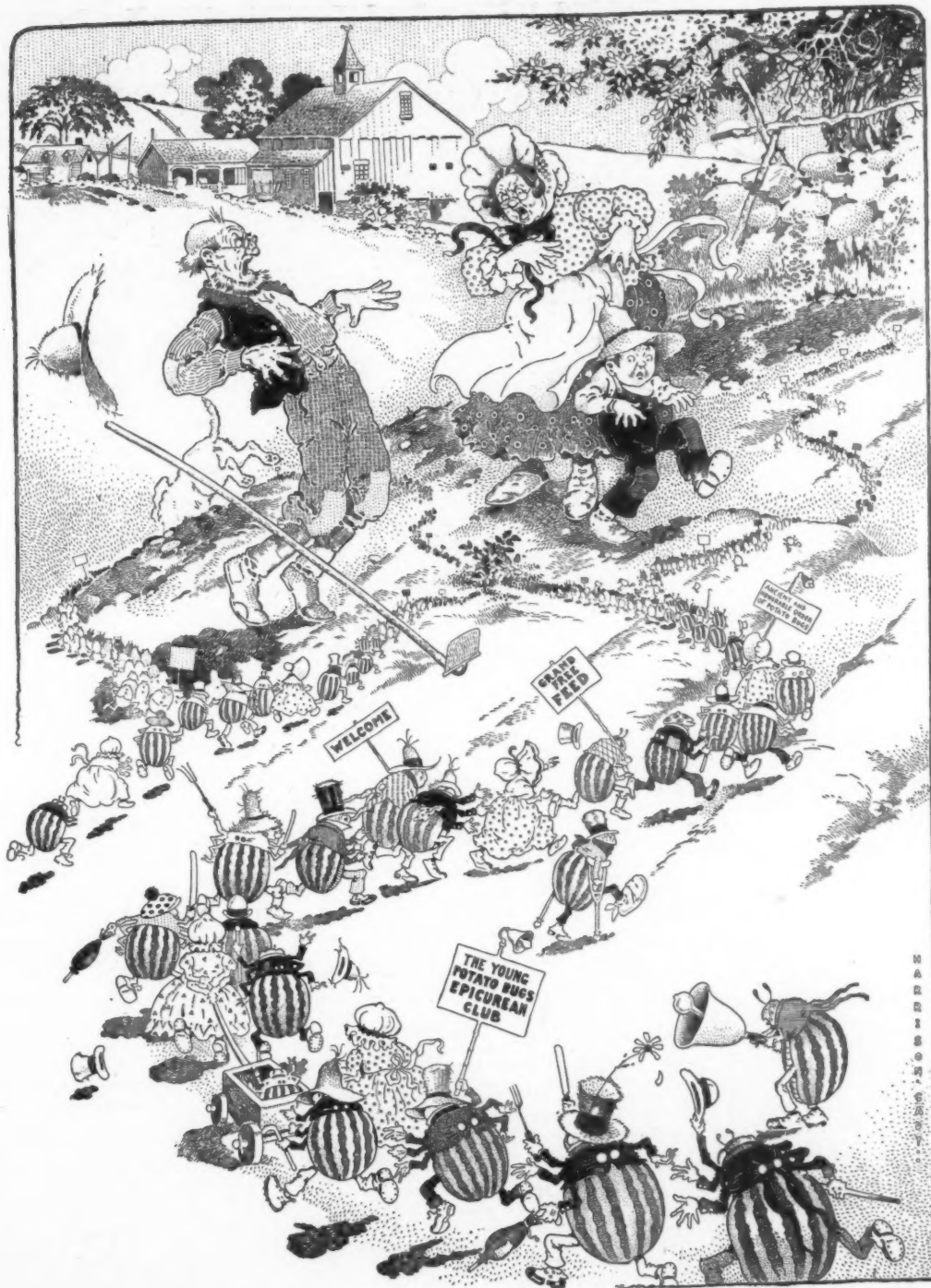
That is rather a sad case, the most comforting detail of it being that it does not last indefinitely. The youth who finds that in college the apparent profits of the subsidiary interests compare advantageously with the rewards of hard study, when he gets into a professional school finds nothing of the sort. There the subsidiary interests are trifling and study is far and away the most important thing in sight. So there is a saying at Harvard that a man is a fool who works in college, but in the Law School a man is a fool who does not work. When a young man comes out of college and into a professional school ready to get to work in earnest, the college that has had him may not have given him all he should have had, but it certainly has given him something. If he has had enough of childish things and put them definitely away, that is a good deal to have accomplished. First or last, childish things

have and should have to a reasonable extent their turn. They are important in their time; not important enough to engross most of a youth's attention in college, but important enough to share some part of it with graver things. And their importance is apt to be about as much underrated by men like Dr. McCracken as it is overrated by his "worst third of the college students."

The Chancellor is at the head of a New York institution where, we suppose, a large proportion of the students sleep at home and ties are slighter and student relations less intimate and continuous than in colleges differently situated. Perhaps he does not realize the immense importance of the play of man on man and mind on mind in a collection of one or two thousand students who really live together. He is perfectly right in thinking that the "worst third" of the students don't study enough, but not nearly so surely right in thinking that their time is worse than wasted. It may be, but that depends on what they do when they ought to be studying but are not. A good many of them do fairly wholesome things, and get a good deal out of them, and are considerably riper and more sophisticated specimens of manhood when they get out of college than when they went in. They do waste time preposterously, and time is opportunity, and knowledge is power. But knowledge is various, too, and more than one kind of knowledge is power and in some cases youths who miss one sort that they ought to assimilate pick up other kinds which also have their uses in this large world.



BUT it is an ill office to offer consolations to that worst third. The usefulest thing, after all, that they are likely to learn by the methods they follow is that it is a poor economy to dodge work, and that nobody gets far on by that method in any profitable direction. If they come soon enough to a lively realization that this is a workaday world, there will be hope for them, especially if they have good natural talents. But if they keep on in the worst third after they get into the great competition of men for whatever is worth having, short commons and indifferent employments are all they can expect. The best of the worst third is that it is so good to get out of.



"HURRAH! THE FIRST POTATO VINE IS UP"

Our Fresh Air Fund

PREVIOUSLY acknowl- edged.....	\$2,126.36
H. W. P.....	10.00
"In memory of Lowry".....	12.00
G. M. M.....	10.00
Cash.....	50.00
Harry L. Burrage.....	10.00
"Three of Us".....	2.75
S. C. Squires.....	10.00
G. M. S.....	10.00
K. F. S.....	5.00
W. A. O. Paul.....	5.00
Prescott, Benjamin, Willis and Thomas Southwait Childs, Jr.	3.00
Samuel H. Ordway.....	10.00
"In memoriam, Maurice I. Low".....	3.00
Edith and Arnold.....	3.00
The Eighteenth Annual Sub- scription to Fresh Air Funds.	100.00
G. W. Reily.....	10.00
G. P. M.....	10.00
Total.....	\$2,390.11

MISTRESS: How long were you in your last place, Bridget?

MAID: Shure, an' if I'd stayed there eleven months longer I'd have been livin' there a year.



A BARGAIN IN MEN'S CLOTHES



AT LIFE'S FARM

A BOXING MATCH

New York Is Willing to Learn

NEW YORK State has 338 students registered in the catalogue of the University of Michigan. That looks as if New York State was comparatively open-minded, willing to go for light anywhere light shone; willing to learn anywhere the teaching seemed instructive.

Maybe, after all, there are some flaws in the wild-Western conception of New York as a hide-bound, self-conceited speck in the Eastern map, bounded on all four sides by Wall Street.

The Alleged "Benefits"

MR. COLERIDGE proceeded to criticise in detail some of Lord Cromer's statements as to the benefits conferred by vivisection.

"It is perfectly true what Lord Cromer says," he admitted, "that we owe the invention of diphtheria antitoxin entirely to experiments on animals. But he does not tell us what the result has been. Antitoxin was first introduced in 1894. The highest death-rate ever recorded from diphtheria took place in the five years of 1896 to 1900, during which the antitoxin treatment spread all over England. There has been a fall since then, but the death-rate still remains higher than it ever was before the introduction of the vivisectioners' cure for it.—*The Zoophilist, London.*

Little things like that have no effect on your vivisection.

How much less painful and how much

cleaner this world would be if the vivisectioners and the vaccinators operated only on themselves!

Sand

SAND is used at the seashore as material for lovers to sit on and by wholesale grocers. It is also useful in proposing and driving away creditors.

Sand is present in almost every locality. It can be heard on the vaudeville stage during the clog dance, can be tasted in strawberries and can be seen in choice New England farm lands, shortly after they have been purchased.

Sand is composed of a large number of individuals. When the wave comes up and washes these individuals about maybe they protest (who knows?—human beings do), but the wave doesn't care. The wave would be glad of it, if it knew.

Sand is often used as a foundation for houses. The people who build the houses on sand do it because they like to save up for a rainy day.

Sand is also used for scenery in deserts. Indeed, without sand, no desert would have any scenery at all.

Sand sometimes makes storms. When there is a sand storm, it is hard on the eyes. But this is good for oculists, thus proving that all things have a use.



"THEY ARE OFF!"

Difference of Opinion

A Multimillionaire Marries a Girl Without Money

HE: } I love you.
SHE: }

HER MOTHER: I can turn up my nose at Mrs. Johnnie-Tucker now.

HER FATHER: My little girl is too good for him.

HIS MOTHER: I hope she loves him.

HIS FATHER: He had such a future before him.

THE MAID OF HONOR: I always thought she would get some man like him.

THE BEST MAN: He's too good for her.

THE MINISTER: Thank you.

HIS FORMER FLAME: I could have had him.

THE OTHER DÉBUTANTES: How did she ever get him? She isn't pretty, hasn't a cent, and doesn't know how to dress.

HIS PARTNERS: Now we will have to do all the work.

HIS CLUB FRIENDS: There goes our money.

THE YOUNG MEN: Lucky dog.

THE MARRIED MEN: Another victim.

THE MARRIED WOMEN: She must begin to train him at once.

THOSE WHO WERE AT THE WEDDING: Didn't the bride look sweet?

THOSE WHO READ ABOUT IT IN THE PAPERS: Another girl sacrificed at the financial altar.

CUSTOM: Live a life of gaiety.

INSTINCT: Live in your love.

Huntley Child.



THE COLLEGE WIDOW

"MEN MAY COME AND MEN MAY GO, BUT"——



From Our Readers

The Negro and the Drama

TO THE DRAMATIC EDITOR OF LIFE:

You will please pardon the assumption of this encroachment on your valuable time, as I know you are a very busy man; therefore this apology.

I have had the pleasure of reading your articles and dramatic criticisms for "lo, these many moons," and I am grateful to you for that pleasure. Since reading your comment, in the April 9th number of *LIFE* on Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland's one-act piece, "His Own," I feel it incumbent on me to write you this letter of thanks.

I write this, not as a member of the race with which "His Own" deals, but as one deeply interested in the progress of the American drama. I consider the prophecy embodied in your comment (and veritably it is a prophecy) the most timely and helpful suggestion given yet to our American dramatists whereby we might hope for the "Great American Drama."

Let me say that you should feel justly proud of your suggestion, and if our dramatists will but heed it the American people will owe you a debt of everlasting gratitude.

When we consider the fact that the negro, since his forced advent into this country through the machination of slavery, has been the basic cause of America's greatest social and political problems, and as the stage, since Aeschylus and Sophocles, has always regarded like conditions, it is meet that our dramatists should deal with this all-absorbing question—to my mind "a most fertile field yet unexplored, untrammeled, and with a wealth untold for him who dares."

Why our dramatists have failed to touch this question is obvious. They lack the ethical and esthetical courage; they have the technical ability, but they fear they will offend. Why this fear that they will offend? We know that the drama must regard prejudice, but do we not also know that the great American Spirit of Right is the guiding star of this great commonwealth? Are they not fortified with the knowledge that right must prevail? Do they not know that the great American Spirit of Right is with them in han-



"THE VILLAGE BELL WAS SLOWLY RINGING"



"FOOLS' GOLD"

dling this theme? Are they not aware that every man of consequence in the history of this country, from Washington to Roosevelt, was and is friendly to the negro? Do they not reckon with the tremendous philanthropic spirit that has been the means of uplifting this savage ward to his present state of citizenship? Do they cease to hold in holy reverence the millions of souls sacrificed in order that this slave might become a man? Is it that they do not know that the progress of this ex-slave in religion, education and accumulation of property is the most marvelous, under like conditions, of any race in the history of the world? Do they not know that this creature loves, hates, cries and laughs as other mortals do? Are they not aware of all these facts? Then why tremble at every frown on the seared face of the ugly witch, Tradition?

If the plea is, then, that "we write plays for money" and that "we are living in a commercial age," then

point them to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the greatest money-maker the American stage has ever known. And I say without fear of contradiction that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is the one and only great American drama ever written, the one, and only one, that has stood the test of time. It has given to the world the only four great American characters known the world over. *Uncle Tom*, *Eva*, *Simon Legree* and *Topsy* will live as long as there is a star in the flag. Surely we must have some one dramatist among us now with moral courage enough to face the issue as did Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

So with you I shout to the American dramatists, why go to the Rhine and Rome and Greece for your dramatic material? "Cast your buckets below." Anywhere you see a negro there's a drama—the dandy dorky in the street, the mulatto elevator boy in your fashionable apartment, the negro criminal in the prison docks. You don't have to go to the



HE REMEMBERED

She (sentimentally): DO YOU REMEMBER, WILLIAM, THE LAST TIME WE WENT ROWING LIKE THIS?
 "YOU BET! I WAS TWENTY YEARS STRONGER, YOU WERE SIXTY POUNDS LIGHTER, AND THE DAY WAS FIFTEEN DEGREES COOLER."

Black Belt for atmosphere and color. As to your unities, say: Locale, America; Time, now.

The drama is that the negro is in your midst. The comedy is that he survives. The tragedy is that he is black.

For no such fertile field exists anywhere in the civilized world as does here for dramatic material, and a dramatic poet should want for no more a divine inspiration than the spectacle of the great American Spirit of Right, borne and cradled by the founders of this great republic, in its God-made armor of Christianity and education, battling with the blood-

stained witch, Tradition, armed with prejudice and ignorance, for the bleeding hearts of ten millions of Black Americans. Yours gratefully,
 New York, May 22, 1908. BOB COLE.

On the Medical Profession

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Are we on the threshold of a revolution in the medical profession? The medical method of "curing" people—pills, potions and cutting—is like playing on a burning building with siphons of vichy. We are beginning to see how crude all this is. "Science" is a combination of pompous errors and organized butchery. Revolutions begin by ostracizing men of new ideas. A few men with courage advance opinions that are jeered at by the rest. They are kicked out of the profession and the next generation erects monuments to their memory.

Your critics fail to see that the question of vivisection is very much larger than appears on the surface. It really involves the whole status of the medical fraternity. They know it—instinctively—and that is why they are so closely banded together.

May 24.

X.

Flimsy Schoolhouses

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Seeing in a recent issue of your paper a letter on the subject of combustible schoolhouses, wherein our children become candidates for cremation, it occurs to me—as the municipalities are paralyzed—to suggest to those who contribute to Foreign Mission Societies, designed to protect the heathen from contingent flames in the next world, that they should,

temporarily, devote their contributions to a fund for the rebuilding or improvement of all flimsy and faulty schoolhouses.

They will thus employ their noble and generous impulses to avert a danger which to ordinary citizens and parents presents itself as a most imminent responsibility.

Yours very truly,

PRACTICALITY.

Montreal, May 25, 1908.

Across the Pond

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Just a few words from friends, who have taken LIFE for many, many years, no matter where they have wandered, to thank you for the smiles you bring—and for your present noble antivivisection work. When the world fifty years hence looks upon vivisection with horror, as it will, treasured copies of LIFE, 1907-8, etc., will prove that some among us realized the hideous cruelty of it. There is every reason to believe that human life has gained little by such means—but even if it had gained untold benefits, nothing could be worth that price.

Your "prejudiced," "emotional," "unscientific" friends, and animal lovers,

"THE LITTLETONS."

"Energlyn," Oxford, England, May 15, 1908.



"TALK ABOUT YOUR FINANCIAL DEPRESSION—'TAIN'T NOthin' TO HEART KINDS"

"IF WE could only get along without food and clothes!"

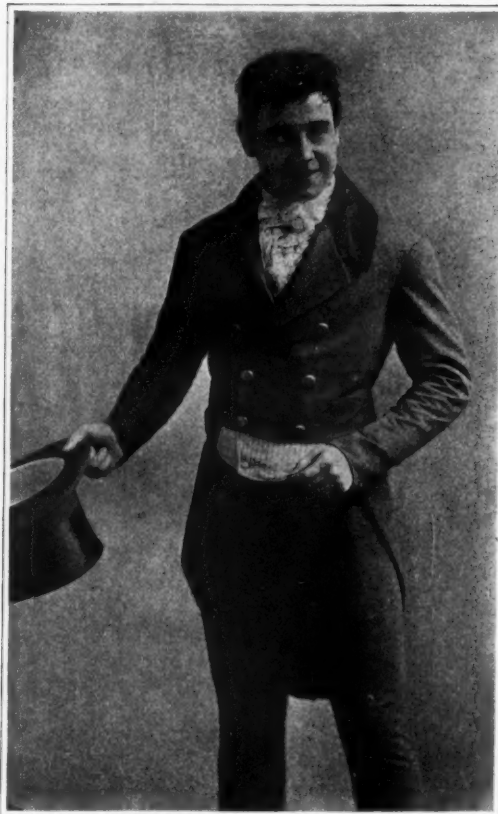
"Yes. Then we would have so much more time to worry about the things we don't need."

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In Their Earlier Years



MR. WILTON LACKAYE, ABOUT 1890

Riddance of Rubbish

WHAT is to be done about literature's disconcerting tendency to become lumber? It isn't a very uncommon public library which buys a hundred copies of a new novel by one of the giants or giantesses, and although every copy is fiercely in demand, at first, it isn't as long as a hundred days, perhaps, until there is no further call whatsoever, whereupon the brave array of volumes, not to put too fine a point upon it, is so much dead horse.

It won't do to assume that a Carnegie is destined to arise every ten or a dozen years and provide sumptuous shelter for these accumulations. To lay that flattering unction to our souls were fatuous on many considerations, but especially so in view of the definite announcement that the Constructive Statesmanship of the Republican Party, at once it gets the approaching election off its hands, will proceed to revise the tariff, the steel schedule with the rest.

Is it possible to hark back to antiquity, and find a way to write our books on useful bricks? Or would it be more in keeping with our originality to print them on peptonized paper, with predigested ink, thus to render them doubly devourable by an intellectual generation?

Ramsey Benson.

Science Refutes a Calumny

OBESITY," Mrs. Eddy says, "is an adipose belief of yourself as a substance." So reports Georgine Milmine in *McClure's Magazine*.

Thrice welcome is this nugget of knowledge at this particular time, when the Republican Convention is meeting.

It has been charged that Taft was the corporeal expression of a belief in Roosevelt.

To refute this insinuation, it is now only necessary to lead the candidate to the scales. Deduct the usual tare for bones and clothes, and there you have it—three hundred pounds or thereabouts of *belief in HIMSELF as a substance*. That will do. Never mind if the belief is a trifle adipose. There is plenty of it.

Thank you, Mrs. Eddy!

With LIFE'S Apologies to a Lady

THE portrait of a famous *artiste*, recently given in *LIFE*, had for title, "Annie Russell in the Seventies." *LIFE* was about ten years ahead of the times in that statement. It should have read "in the late eighties." In the "late seventies" she was acting children's parts. Every ten years added to Miss Russell's career is ten years' gain for dramatic art in America.

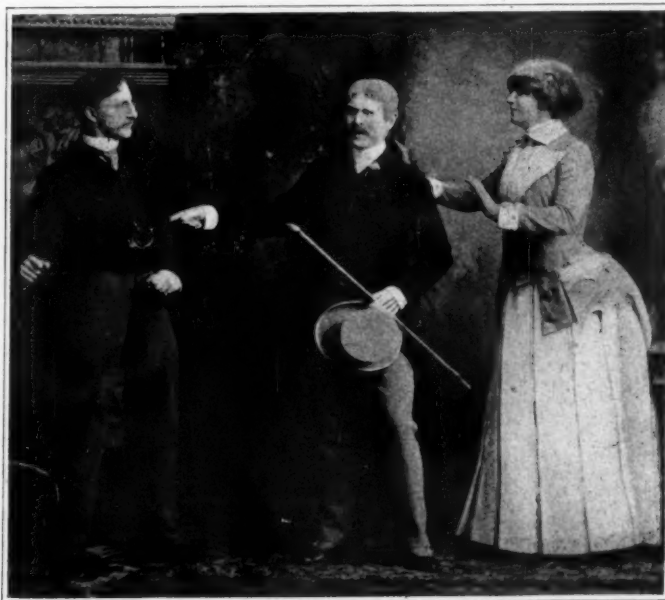
Spunk in the Right Place

THERE are some stories in the papers that you hope are true. They ought to be. As this passage, for example, out of the *World's* story of how Mabel Wallbert fell into Gravesend Bay and Helen Wallbert got her out:

"What do you think she said to me?" said Mabel, faintly, for she had not emerged completely. "She said, when she grabbed me in the water: 'Now, see here, Mabel, hold on to me. We don't want any white coffins in our house. I've got hold of this boat, all right.'"

That was the right spirit, and whether or not Helen made the address, she acted its sentiments.

EVERY monument is a tribute to forgetfulness.



MR. JOHN DREW, THE LATE MR. GEORGE PARKES AND MISS ADA REHAN, IN THE SEVENTIES



"OH, THESE AMERICANS!"

Their Own Medicine

DR. STEPHEN SMITH, addressing an antivivisection meeting in Paris recently, said of vivisectors, "These men are criminals and should be treated as criminals."

LIFE goes further than that. Treat them not only as criminals, but give them, as criminals, the same treatment they give their own victims, who were not criminals. Give the first vivisector this, for instance:

The abdomen was next cut open and a tube was inserted into the alimentary canal. In this condition the dog was kept for eight hours. The abdomen was frequently opened for examination. No anesthetic was given. Professor Rutherford gave his opinion that the pain was only slight.

As the pain was "only slight," of course he would not mind it.

Another vivisector might learn from experience how this feels:

A dog is procured, the nerves of his larynx are cut to prevent him from howling, and a knife is plunged into his thigh, exposing the large nerve, the most sensitive of his anatomy. A cord is attached, and the students proceed to pull at it, causing the dog

to writhe with convulsions.

And so on, *ad nauseam*.

This Paris meeting, according to the *Journal of Zoophily*, ended in a way that looks like business.

The incident of the evening came just after M. Solange-Pellat began to speak. "I have drafted a bill," said he, "for the regulating of vivisection, which I should like to explain."

Cries arose "Down with vivisection!" "No compromise!" "We don't want any kind of vivisection!"

Something of a contrast to our American tentative, apologetic bills, in which the vivisectors' feelings are first considered. Still,

the Spanish Inquisition and human slavery in the United States were all handled at one time with the same caution.

Misplaced Discipline

Twenty students of both sexes were expelled from the North Adams High School because they cut exercises to see the big balloon go up.—*Daily Paper*.

ABSURD! There was more education for them in seeing the balloon go up than could possibly have been given them in the same space of time in school.

The greatest defect in schools is the limitations of teachers.

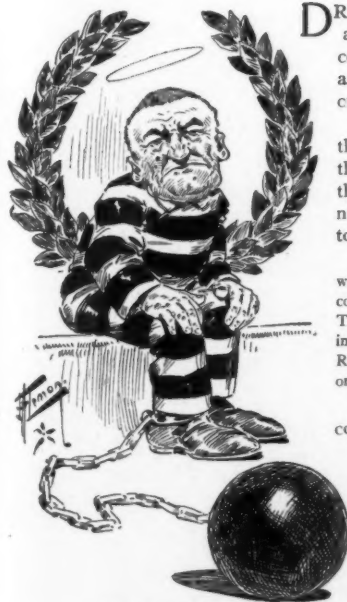
The Reply Courteous

(From a correspondent)

WHAT is Life?

"Animation; spirit; vivacity; vigor; energy; that upon which enjoyment or success depends; something dear to one as one's existence," etc.—*Webster's International Dictionary*.

"Animation; spirit; vivacity; energy in action, thought or expression; a source of vital energy, happiness or enjoyment," etc.—*Century Dictionary*.



RECENT DISCOVERIES
WHY THEY BUILT THE PYRAMIDS



"WHAT'S THE MEANIN' OF THIS PICTURE, MUM?"

"THAT, BRIDGET, IS A CHRISTIAN MARTYR IN THE DAYS OF NERO."

"THEY SEEMED TO KNOW LITTLE ENOUGH ABOUT COOKIN'."



TO THE NEW DIRECTOR OF OPERA

Signor Giulio Gatti-Casazza,
To you New York takes off its hat, sir!
We pin our earnest hopes on you,
And you'll find plenty here to do.

To make us all feel satisfied,
Here are some things you might provide:

A chorus that can sing its part;
Listeners who do not think it smart
Before the end to leave one's seat
And drown the notes with shuffling feet;
Scene shifters who'll do as they're told;
Tenors who never have a cold;
Sopranos who are headache proof;
Fresh air from orchestra to roof;
No garlic in the rail bird crowd;
Brasses that will not play too loud;
New operas given on request—
New, but as good as Verdi's best!

Signor Giulio Gatti-Casazza,
If only you'll arrange all that, sir,
With praise the town will overflow,
Most noble impresario!

—Evening Sun.

A POLITICIAN relates that he was making a speech last week when he was annoyed by the frequent interruptions of an opposition voter, who seemed bent on making trouble.

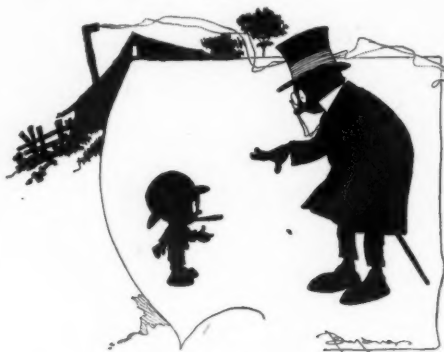
"My friend," said the speaker, determining to suppress the disturber, "haven't you heard the story of how a braying ass put to flight the entire Syrian army?"

"Don't you be afraid of this audience," shouted back the disturber of the meeting, "there ain't no danger of it stampeding. You've tested it."—*Tit-Bits*.

THERE are enough serious things in life without considering yourself one of them.—*The Cynic's Calendar*.

WORRIES OF MODERN LIFE

Nowadays we must not drink spirits nor eat meat; we must not smoke; the air of cities is poisonous, the air of the country too strong; the light ruins our eyes and the noise racks our nerves; shaking hands is a means of collecting microbes and kissing is pure suicide. Life is indeed growing dull and difficult.
—*Madrid Diario*.



"GOT ER MATCH, MISTER?"

"WHY, WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH A MATCH, MY BOY?"

"AW, I WANTS TER SET FIRE TO A FEW TOUSAN' DOLLAR BILLS! YOU DIDN'T THINK I WANTED TO LIGHT MY CIGAR, DID YOU?"

NOT WHAT HE CAME FOR

A small boy was fishing Sunday and accidentally tumbled into the creek. As an old man on the bank was helping him out he said: "How did you come to fall in the river, my little man?"

"I didn't come to fall in the river. I came to fish."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

EPITAPHS

AS THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN WRITTEN.
Here lies a man who seemed to think
His troubles he could drown in drink.

(He succeeded.)

Here lies a chap quite free from strife,
Who dared to contradict his wife.

(She's married again.)

A hypnotist below doth lie
Who looked a tiger in the eye.

(And the tiger won.)

Dear friends, here lie the bones of one
Who always carried a deadly gun.

(The other man drew first.)

Below, a man quite safely lies
Who jumped a chap just twice his size.

(Take warning.)

Kind friends, stop here and please take note,
Here lies the fool who rocked the boat.

(Companions were rescued.)
—*Indianapolis News*.

FOR FAMILY USE

"Harold," Mrs. Thomson began, thoughtfully, "I've been thinking a lot about you lately."

"Something nice?" questioned Mr. Thomson, with hopeful inflection.

"Do you know," Mrs. Thomson went on, quite ignoring her husband's bid for flattery, "that since we have lived here in the country and you have gone back and forth to the city every day you have seen absolutely nothing of the children?"

"I don't see how that can be helped," replied Mr. Thomson. "When I leave in the morning they are not up, and when I come back in the evening they're in bed."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Thomson, "that is so, but you might at least send them a souvenir post-card now and then."—*Youth's Companion*.

IRATE PASSENGER (as train is moving off): Why didn't you put my luggage in as I told you?

PORTER: Eh, man, yer luggage is no sic a silly as yerself. Ye're i' the wrang train.—*Tit-Bits*.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope.

LIFE is for sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Brems

Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS. Brentano's, 37 Ave. de l'Opera, Paris; also at Saarbach's News Exchanges, 1, New Coventry Street, Leicester Square, W., London; 9, Rue St. Georges, Paris; 1, Via Firenze, Milan; Mayence, Germany.

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In the Adirondack Mountains

you can wear business clothes or a dress suit, fish, hunt or camp, play tennis, golf, bowl, dance or lose yourself among the mountains' shady nooks and quiet retreats. You can stop at palatial hotels, boarding-houses, cottages or camps, just as you desire.

The Adirondacks, the National Playground, are easily reached from all directions by the New York Central Lines.

I will gladly send you an itinerary of a trip from your home city to the Adirondack Mountains and return (side trips if you wish)—illustrated literature, maps, information on hotels and incidental expenses—and sum up the entire trip into an approximate cost.

Address J. F. FAIRLAMB, G.P.A., Room 303, Grand Central Station, New York

If price
were a criterion
of value

PHILIP MORRIS
ORIGINAL LONDON
CIGARETTES

Would command
a higher premium
than any other
Turkish Cigarette
in the world.

Correct Social Stationery

Crane's Linen Lawn



PAPER that is at once distinctive and distinguished is Crane's Linen Lawn, a writing paper which offers you in a

Crane-made paper the fabric finish which has found favor with fashionable people. It can be had at all good shops, and no reputable stationer or jeweler will let you buy anything else under the impression that you are getting Crane's.

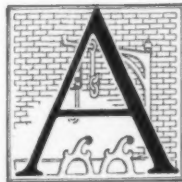
Highland Linen



HERE has never been a writing paper of which so much has been sold in so short a time as of Highland Linen. This is

because it is a fabric-finished paper of unusually good quality at a very popular price.

Crane's Calling Cards



BIT of fine white cardboard bearing your name and address represents you socially. For many years the best

jewelers and stationers, as well as people of particular taste and fashion, have made the use of Crane's Calling Cards an almost inviolate social practice.

If you let your dealer understand that you must have Crane's, you will get Crane's.

EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY, Pittsfield, Mass.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

HE GUESSED RIGHT

A one-armed man entered a restaurant and seated himself next to a dapper little other-people's-business man. The latter noticed his neighbor's left sleeve hanging loose and kept eying it in a how-did-it-happen sort of a way. Finally the inquisitive one could stand it no longer. He changed his position a little, cleared his throat and said: "I beg pardon, sir, but I see you have lost an arm."

The one-armed man picked up his sleeve with his right hand and peered anxiously into it. "Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, looking up with great surprise. "I do believe you're right!"—*Everybody's*.

AN ILLOGICAL PHILOSOPHER

"The Chinese pay all their debts on the first day of each year," remarked the man who thinks it his duty to scatter wisdom.

"I have heard so," replied the careless person. "But I'd rather be in debt all my life than be a Chinaman."—*Washington Star*.

SUMMER COTTAGES TO RENT—Lake George, Adirondacks, Lake Champlain, and other cool resorts reached by Delaware & Hudson rail and steamer lines. Send 6 cents postage for copy of complete guide to A. A. Heard, G. P. A., Albany, N. Y.

THE PRESIDENT'S REVELATION

While President Roosevelt was holding an open-air reception at Syracuse, a tall negro pushed his way forward through the crowd and eagerly grasped his hand.

"Yo' n me war bo'n on the same day, Mistah Roosevelt!" the darky enthusiastically said, his shining black face almost cleft from ear to ear by a grin.

"De-lighted, indeed, to hear it!" warmly responded the President, taking a fresh grip on the black hand and laughing heartily. "So you and I were born on the same day? Well, well!"

"Yo' am fo'ty-seven yeahs old, suh?"

"I am," was the quick answer.

"An yo' war bo'n on Octobah 17, 1858!"

"Yes."

"Ya-as, suh," then exclaimed the darky, shaking all over with rapture; "ya-as suh, Mr. Roosevelt, yo' an' me is bofe twins!"—*Success*.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the South. **THE MANOR**, the English-like Inn of Asheville.

DINNER WAS WORTH IT

As a reward for good behavior Johnny was allowed to come to the dinner table when company was expected. He wanted to appear big, too, so he chose a low chair which brought his mouth just to the top of the table. But he didn't mind this, because it was on a line with his plate, and he was not so likely to drop anything while eating. He ate ravenously of everything, having nothing to say to the guests, as his mother had told him to remember that good children are seen, not heard. Finally, after dessert, when there was a lull in the conversation, he exclaimed:

"Dad, you can't guess what I've got under the table?"

"No, my son," said his father, with an indulgent glance; "what is it?"

"Stomachache!" shouted Johnny, gleefully.—*Illustrated Bits*.

PEARLESS LAKE GEORGE.—All sports and attractions. Big hotels; moderate-priced boarding-houses. Through Pullmans via Delaware & Hudson R. R. Send 6 cents postage for "A Summer Paradise." A. A. Heard, G. P. A., Albany, N. Y.

A WOMAN'S CHANCE OF MARRYING

(If SHE WANTS THE MAN.)

Woman's Age.	Chances in 100.
18 to 25.....	100
25 to 30.....	100
30 to 35.....	100
35 to 40.....	100
40 to 50.....	100
Widow, any age.....	100,000

—*Evening Sun*.

SOME navies in a railway carriage were once in loud conversation, swearing boisterously the while. One of them was especially fluent. "My friend," said another passenger in shocked tones, "where did you learn to use such language?" "Learn!" cried the navy. "You can't learn it, guv'nor. It's a gift, that's wot it is."—*Dundee Advertiser*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER

"Its purity has made it famous."

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"



Don't let whiskey get the best of you! Say "Trimble" and you get the best of whiskey.

Trimble
Whiskey
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ESTABLISHED
1793

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GINGER ALE

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INCLUDES

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TRAFFIC MANAGER
NORTHERN NAVIGATION CO.
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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

LIFE'S Marriage Contest

Men

No. 4

For "temperament poetical" I feel myself incline,
And tho' you're "fond of ladies," I fain would call you mine.
If to me you were "affectionate"—you are "at times" you
know—
There'd be nothing in our union to give us cause for woe.

No. 1

A man should love to be at home, I know,
And yet with Number One I fain would wed;
His merry jests would lighten care or woe,
Besides, I own, by chance of wealth I'm led.

No. 2

Sing a song of husbands! Which one shall it be?
The one you number Two, sir, is just the man for me.
I like his disposition, and by his face I'm led
To think he'd be all right, sir, when happily he wed.

No. 5

Gay vagabond, pray would you know
The road that leads from every woe?
Quit wandering, then, and straight incline
To journey toward this heart of mine!

No. 4

"Hobson's choice" it seems to be,
But if one I had to wed,
The Byron type appeals to me;
By him alone would I be led.

No. 3

No book of verses 'neath the bough for mine!
To bank-books, rather, doth my soul incline.
Consent, dear Millionaire, my "thou" to be,
And—make a merry widow out of me.

No. 3

By honor men are sometimes led
Great martyrs to be.
Who knows but after we are wed
You'll die for me?

No. 4

Thou up-to-date Lord Byron! I would be
Thy "soul-mate," thy dear lady; for I know
Tho' it would anxious moments mean for me
"Twelve hundred" per would help assuage my woe.

Women

No. 4

Her ambition histrionic suggests a love platonic, that I know
Her disposition nervous would find me quite impervious to that
woe.
To her social inclinations and her morning dissipation I incline.
So I could be contented, though our chattels all be rented, if Four
were mine.

No. 4

All five, my dear LIFE, are repulsive to me;
To lemons I never incline.
But if you insist that it one of them be,
The nervous young lady for mine.

No. 2

Here is the girl my heart cries out to wed,
In spite of all the rows in store for me.
Try as I may, with all her faults I'm led
To beg her yet my fractious wife to be.

No. 2

The "rapid talker" shall be mine,
Though all her faults I know.
I dote on martyrs, so incline
To drink the cup of woe.

No. 3

Thy fortune and thy thrift do me incline
To ever fondly hope to call thee mine.
Grass or sod, howe'er thou widowed be,
Thou'rt unencumbered—that sounds good to me.

No. 3

Fair widow, to "divvy" thine income I'm led,
Sufficient for both it should be,
If you'll practise economy after we're wed,
And won't try to preach it to me.



THE business side of the Army and Navy needs just as good equipment as the business side of civil life. That is why so many SMITH PREMIERS are used in the government departments—both home and abroad.

The War Department of France, after competitive tests, has contracted to buy SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITERS exclusively for the next three years. "Peace has its victories as well as war."

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO., Syracuse, N.Y.—Branches Everywhere

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Summer Clothing and
Haberdashery for all
on land and sea. Ser-
vants' livery a specialty.

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NEW YORK

Broadway, at Warren St.
Broadway, at 31st St.

BROOKLYN

Fulton St., at Flatbush Ave.
Broadway, at Bedford Ave.

Probably neither the author nor the publishers of "Another Three Weeks" would claim that the burlesque was issued as a tract in the interest of literary morality, but it is not to be denied that the ridicule it has created has had a wholesome effect and has helped to clear the atmosphere of a very unpleasant aroma.
—*Pearla Herald-Transcript.*

NOW IN ITS SEVENTIETH THOUSAND

ANOTHER THREE WEEKS

NOT

By

EL-N-R GL-N

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Of all booksellers, newsdealers and news-
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17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City

A
FITTING
FINALE
TO A
GOOD
DINNER



A
FITTING
FINALE
TO A
GOOD
DINNER

LIQUEUR Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

This famous cordial, now made at Tarragona, Spain, was for centuries distilled by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, France, and known throughout the world as Chartreuse. The above cut represents the bottle and label employed in the putting up of the article since the Monks' expulsion from France, and it is now known as Liqueur Pères Chartreux (the Monks, however, still retain the right to use the old bottle and label as well), distilled by the same order of Monks, who have securely guarded the secret of its manufacture for hundreds of years, taking it with them at the time they left the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, and who, therefore, alone possess a knowledge of the elements of this delicious nectar. No Liqueur associated with the name of the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) and made since their expulsion from France is genuine except that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.

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Sole Agents for United States.

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COMBER
IRISH WHISKEY

A
Tip Top
High Ball

Sold Everywhere.

The Waldorf-Astoria
Importation Co.
New York—Chicago
Sole Agents.

All the News That's Fit to Print

LIFE is a joke to the girl with a dimple.
Even the victim of insomnia is occasionally caught napping.

Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of your heirs.

Some people come to grief and others wait for it to overtake them.

It takes a certain amount of genius to get away with a successful bluff.

The people who are all wrapped up in themselves are generally pretty small.

Some few men are so lucky as to be able to do things without knowing how.

It's when a woman realizes she looks well in black that joy cometh in the mourning.

Some people catch religion as easily as children catch the measles, and with about as serious results.

—New York Times.

Reciprocal Entertainment

PRINCE DE SAGAN, talking about music with one of the French correspondents in New York, mentioned the violinist Ysaye.

"The plump, pale Ysaye," he said, "with his lock that hangs down over his face to his chin, is very, very proud.

"A millionaire bootmaker invited Ysaye to dine with him last year in Nice.

"After dinner the millionaire brought out a violin and asked Ysaye to play. The musician bit his lip, but taking the instrument he played several beautiful morceaux.

"Afterward, in Paris, Ysaye invited the millionaire to dinner in his turn. There was a distinguished company present. After dinner, as they were all at coffee in the salon, a servant brought the host a pair of old boots.

"Ysaye took the boots and handed them gravely to his millionaire guest.

"But what am I to do with these?" the guest demanded, holding the boots awkwardly in his lap beside his cup.

"Ysaye smiled vindictively and flung his long lock behind his ear.

"In Nice," he said, "you asked me after dinner to play for you. Now I ask you to mend these boots for me. Each to his trade, you know."—*Washington Star*.

Near Dead

THE ship doctor of an English liner notified the death-watch steward, an Irishman that a man had died in stateroom 45. The usual instructions to bury the body were given. Some hours later the doctor peeked into the room and found that the body was still there. He called the Irishman's attention to the matter and the latter replied:

"I thought you said room 46. I went to that room and noticed wan of thim in a bunk. 'Are ye dead?' says I. 'No,' says he, 'but I'm pretty near dead.'

"So I buried him."—*The Wasp*.

His Ambition

WHAT do you expect to be when you come of age, my little man?" asked the visitor.

"Twenty-one," was the little man's reply.—*The Herald and Presbyterian*.

DOES your friend, the editor, give you any encouragement?" asked the would-be poet's friend. "He's never said anything encouraging, but once," replied Reimer, "and that was yesterday. He saw me in a brown study and he said: 'A penny for your thoughts.'"—*Philadelphia Press*.

Club Cocktails



A Bottled Delight

A correctly proportioned cocktail is a drink as rare as it is delightful. CLUB COCKTAILS are perfect cocktails—an expert blend of fine old liquors, measured to exact proportion. No chance-mixed cocktail ever made can duplicate their even, exquisite flavor.

7 kinds. At all good dealers. Manhattan (whiskey base) and Martini (gin base) are universal favorites.

G.F. Heublein & Bro.

HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON

"Under the Turquoise Sky in Colorado"

What a world of pleasures are suggested—what thoughts crowd into mind at the beck of this magical phrase!



"Under the Turquoise Sky" is the title of an eighty-page book which fulfills your happiest anticipations with its pictures and description of the ideal vacation land.

It shows how delightful and inexpensive a summer outing in the Rockies may be.

The cover in four colors, the illustrations from new photographs, the artistic type, initials and ornaments make this book worthy a place in any library, aside from its merit as a vacation guide.

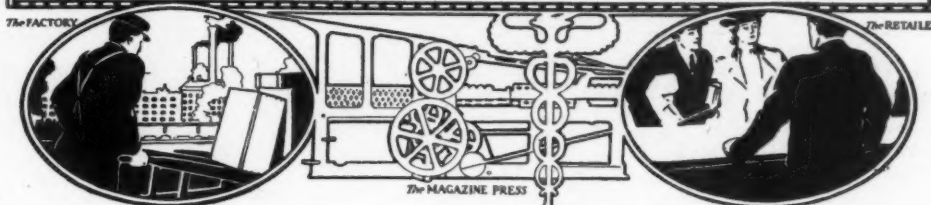
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I will send it on request.

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The Merchant Who Found Himself



A CERTAIN merchant in the East, owning a retail clothing business left by his father, found himself a few years ago with surplus money and energy that led him to establish another store in a nearby town.

Now, his father had drawn the best patronage in that city by selling leading lines of men's hats, the name of any one of which is nationally known for high quality. The elder merchant had carried two of them almost from the first year their manufacturers had made hats. There are certain standard makes of men's clothing, and this store had for two years carried one of them. It was the same with shoes, collars, shirts, underclothing, etc. The stock comprised everything needed to fit out a man or a boy. But every article was sold on the reputation of the manufacturer, and bore his label, which was well and favorably known through national advertising.

The son had continued this policy. But now he thought it time he was making a reputation for himself. Everything sold in his new store should bear his own label, and nobody else's. He wanted his name on the best merchandise, however, so he went to the manufacturers of those very lines handled by his father and himself, and arranged to get precisely the same goods, to sell at the same prices, but with his own label attached instead of the manufacturer's.

When his new store opened it had identically the same merchandise as the old one, except for the makers' names. The merchant advertised liberally in the local papers. He guaranteed the trustworthiness of everything sold. He laid emphasis on his reputation, his experience, his skill as a buyer. His store immediately took the leading patronage in that city.

At the end of three seasons, however, the proprietor went to the manufacturers, acknowledged that he was wrong, and directed that their own labels be restored to what he bought. Trade was not increasing as it should. The old store showed greater growth in the same period than the new, though the latter was in new territory. It took too much time to persuade customers that a hat made by the well-known Blank

Company, bearing only this merchant's name, was as good as the same hat bearing Blank's name. So the old labels were restored, and during the fourth season the gains in trade were more than double the whole growth during the first three seasons. To-day that shop bears a large sign. At the top is the merchant's name, and underneath the names of fully a dozen manufacturers of standard articles of men's wearing apparel. He is glad to let it be known that these manufacturers are, as it were, partners in his business.

The retail merchant is doing the best for his patrons and himself when he puts most of his energy and ability into the work of selecting and distributing goods, and leaves manufacturing and the making of reputation to the producers. Some merchants buy goods too cheap, and others too dear. Some carefully select stock that is n't in demand. Others buy too much. In the end there is dead stock, dead trade, dead capital, and a dead business.

Nationally advertised goods carry the least risk of becoming dead stock. Live energy is behind them. More than that, real demand is behind them, for the manufacturer has tested them in many markets to find out whether the public really wants them, and whether it will want them again, and again, and again — and yet again. Enormous national sales are necessary to pay advertising bills, because competition keeps the advertising expense down to an infinitesimal fraction on each sale. A good deal is heard from time to time of the commodity that is

ten cents value and ninety cents advertising. But who ever knew such a commodity to gain a national demand or hold it?

Nationally advertised merchandise has behind it the element of publicity that gives news value, tells the consumer what he is buying, and makes stability of quality imperative. The merchant who handles merchandise advertised in this way is going with a powerful current of distributive energy. Retail experience has demonstrated that it is to his best interest to paddle a little with the current himself.

The Quoin Club T L T L T Key

THIS little 16-page monthly, half the size of magazine page, will be sent on request to any Business Man who is interested in advertising. Address

Quoin Club

111 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

Dean's Cakes and Pastries will add variety to Summer Menus

Arrangements have been made whereby quick deliveries of fresh cake will be made

EXPRESSAGE PREPAID

to Country Homes, at any express point within 300 miles of New York City.

Selected assortments, packed to keep fresh for days, can be had at \$2.00, \$3.00, \$5.00, \$8.00 and \$12.00 each.

A booklet—Dean's Summer Suggestions—explaining the idea in detail, will be sent on request.

572 FIFTH AVENUE
Dean's NEW YORK
Established 1839

The first Derby made in America was a

C. & K.

Hats for Men

KNAPP-FELT
hats are made
in various textures—soft hats
for comfort, sport
or travel, derbies
for a touch of
formality.

KNAPP-FELT De Luxe hats
are Six Dollars—Knapp-Felts
are Four Dollars, wherever the
best is sold.

Write for "The Hatman"

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
BROADWAY, AT THIRTEENTH ST., NEW YORK

RAD-BRIDGE

Registered at Pat. Office LONDON WASHINGTON OTTAWA

"FIGHTING BOB"
Then up spake the great sailor Evans,
"This 'RAD-BRIDGE' outstays all, by heavens,
To keep other scores
Is like doing chores,
When through you're at sixes and sevens."

My Lady's Lid

MY SCAT!

Where did you get that hat?

Who ever did

Invent a lady's lid

Like that?

Who had the nerve to roll it out

And stretch it more and more,

From centerpiece to rim, until—

It spreads from shore to shore,

And likewise lifts its summit up,

On birds' and other wings,

Above the earth until it scrapes

The clouds and other things?

Who added to its wondrous width

Of brim, so that the space

Could easily accommodate

An automobile race?

Say, who done that?

Who built her hat?

Who made it something never seen

On earth or in the sky,

A flat of wide-extended plain,

A mountain towering high?

Cut wider doors for her to get

Inside of any place,

And put the ceiling on the roof

To give her nodding space.

Push up the clouds to let her stand

Erect upon the ground,

And shove the wide horizon back

To let her turn around.

Oh, weirdly, witching, woozy hat

That flattens out and towers—

Who ever saw a thing like that—

A pancake filled with flowers?

A hat contagious—spreading? Yes.

That names the Merry Wid;

And she who fails to catch it should

Slip out and change her lid.

Gee whiz!

What a wonder woman is!

And my scat!

Where did she get that hat? —New York World.

Too Obvious

IT WAS the first vaudeville performance the old colored lady had ever seen, and she was particularly excited over the marvellous feats of the magician. But when he covered a newspaper with a heavy flannel cloth and read the print through it, she grew a little nervous. He then doubled the cloth and again read the letters accurately.

This was more than she could stand, and rising in her seat, she said:

"I'm goin' home. This ain't no place for a lady in a thin calico dress!"—Everybody's.

To Go with Them

"WHAT makes Jones so economical these days?"

"Some one gave him a pair of goggles, and now he's saving up for an automobile."—Lippincott's.

THE Chicago News fails to name the hero of this story, but has it that the visitor to the home of a well-known Hoosier State author found his three youngsters romping in the hallway.

"What are you playing, boys?" he inquired.

"We are playing pirates," elucidated the smallest.

"Pirates? Why, how can you play pirates in Indiana? There are no seas bordering on this State."

"Oh, we don't need any seas. We are literary pirates, like pa."

And five minutes later a chorus of yells from behind the barn told that the hand that wields the pen can also wield the shingle.

Politics

KNICKER: We once had the Know Nothings.

BOCKER: And now we are afflicted with the Know Everythings.—Sun.



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THE SEASON
THROUGH**



THE perforated back keeps the hands cool and prevents perspiration, giving perfect ventilation.

GRINNELL GLOVES are soft and pliable, and all adjustments about the machine can be made with them on as well as with the bare hand.

Made of our famous "REINDEER" leather, tough and strong, yet soft as velvet, and will dry out like new after washing. The "Rist-Fit" gauntlet holds the cuff up, keeps out dirt and prevents sagging.

Sold by leading dealers in Washington, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and all other leading cities.

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If not obtainable, however, from your dealer we will send direct on approval on receipt of price.

Tan reindeer, \$2.50; genuine black dog skin, \$3.00; drab

colt skin or imported black Kasan, \$3.50.

Ventilated or unventilated.

MORRISON-RICKER MFG. CO.

42 Broad Street,

GRINNELL, IOWA

Rip Van Winkle

RIP VAN WINKLE returned from his long sleep looking fresh as a daisy, and made his way to the village barber shop, not only because he needed a hair-cut and shave, but also because he wished to catch up on the news.

"Let's see," said he to the barber, after he was safely tucked in the chair, "I've been asleep twenty years, haven't I?"

"Yep," replied the tonsorialist.

"Have I missed much?"

"Nope, we bin standin' pat."

"Has Congress done anything yet?"

"Not a thing."

"Jerome done anything?"

"Nope."

"Platt resigned?"

"Nope?"

"Panama Canal built?"

"Nope."

"Bryan been elected?"

"Nope."

"Carnegie poor?"

"Nope."

"Well, say," said Rip, rising up in the chair, "never mind shaving the other side of my face. I'm going back to sleep again."—*Success*.

The Two Alternatives

"WE GET some sad cases," said the attendant at the lunatic asylum to the visitor, and opened the door to the first cell.

Inside was a man sitting on a stool and gazing vacantly at the wall.

"Sad story," said the attendant; "he was in love with a girl, but she married another man, and he lost his reason from grief."

They stole out softly, closing the door behind them, and proceeded to the next inmate. This cell was thickly padded, and the man within was stark, staring mad.

"Who is this?" inquired the visitor.

"This," repeated the attendant—"this is the other man."—*Tit-Bits*.

The Soft Answer

SENATOR TILLMAN at a banquet in Washington said, in a humorous defence of outspoken and frank methods:

"These people who always keep calm fill me with mistrust. Those that never lose their temper I suspect. He who wears under abuse an angelic smile is apt to be a hypocrite."

"An old South Carolina deacon once said to me with a chuckle:

"'Keep yo' tempah, son. Don't yo' quarrel with no angry pusson. A soft ansawah am alus best. Hit's commanded an', furthermo', hit makes 'em mad-dah'n anything else yo' could say.'"—*Washington Star*.

The Wrong One

A YOUNG man had been calling now and then on a young lady when one night, as he sat in the parlor waiting for her to come down, her mother entered the room instead and asked him in a very grave, stern way what his intentions were.

He turned very red and was about to stammer some incoherent reply when suddenly the young lady called down from the head of the stairs:

"Mamma, mamma, that is not the one."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

Very Practical

"WHAT would you do, dear, if I were to die?" asked Mrs. Darley, fondly.

"I don't know," replied Darley, thoughtfully.

"Which is your choice—burial or cremation?"—*Tit-Bits*.

When Greek Meets Greek

The season of outdoor sports is on—for the bat and ball, the boat and oar, the sprinter and track, the chase riders, the race course and riders, the swimmers and bathers—to all of which enjoyments

HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

contributes the delight of cheer or the comfort of strength. It is the finest stimulant for emergencies and the most perfect and purest whiskey for health and recuperation.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



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How to Serve Grape Fruit

IMPORTANT TO SEE THAT IT IS ABBOTT'S BITTERS

A new and better way. Remove core, loosen fruit from the peel, add a teaspoonful of ABBOTT'S BITTERS to half a grape fruit and sugar to suit taste. Gives exquisite flavor and adds greatly to the appetizing and tonic effect of the fruit. Every lover of good things will enjoy grape fruit served in this manner.



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